

THE HAND OF

# FATE

JUNE  
10c

ACE

FOOLS! NOW THAT I AM  
FREED FROM THAT CURSED  
MANDARIN'S CHEST, I SHALL  
REVENGE MYSELF ON ALL  
MORTALS... AND YOU  
SHALL BE FIRST!



# "There's no such animal," he cried!



**M**y friend and I were  
posting the ponies one  
day, when I started telling  
him about a sure thing  
I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks  
for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It automatically wins?  
Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the govern-  
ment very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who  
can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse..."

"It not only could be—but is—U.S. Savings  
Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest  
thing running on any track today."

"For every three dollars you invest in U.S.  
Savings Bonds you get four dollars back  
after only ten years. And if you're a mem-  
ber of the Payroll Savings Plan—which  
means you buy bonds automatically from  
your paycheck—that can amount to an  
awful lot of money when you're not looking.  
Hey, what are you doing?"

"Filling up my racing form! The horse I'm bet-  
ting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

**Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds**



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# ROOTS of the EVIL TREE



"IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT WHEN THE ECCENTRIC, VIOLENT-TEMPERED ARTIST, RUTH COLEMAN HIRED THE PRETTY YOUNG WILLIAM BURL, ALICIA, TO POSE FOR HIM, TANGENT WOULD RESULT. COLEMAN, AGE-39, AND REPULSIVELY BUILT, LOATHED AND FEARED BY THE VILLAGERS FOR HIS STRANGE APPEARANCE AND TORSY, ECCENTRIC MIND, WAS BOUND TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ALICIA, AND TO BE SUDDENLY REJECTED WHEN HE MADE KNOWN HIS LOVE. THE RAGE-FUELED ACT OF VIOLENCE THAT THEN OCCURRED, AND THE WINDS, BECAME CAUSE OF EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED, INVOLVING THE PRINTER-AND EXECUTION TREE, WERE FATED TO BE."





NOTICE THE WEIRD, ALMOST HUMAN - SHAPED OUTLINE OF EXECUTION TREE, WHICH I DECIDED TO PLAY A STRANGE PART IN THE FATE OF MURT COLEMAN.

HESSED HIM / BUT HE WON'T GET AWAY / I'LL ORGANIZE A MAN-HUNT IMMEDIATELY /

THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE /



WE'VE SCOURED THE TOWN AND HAVEN'T FOUND HIM / HE MUST BE HIDING OUT IN THE NEARBY HILLS / LET'S HEAD THAT WAY /

GOOD, YOU FOOLISH THAT WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO RETURN HOME FOR MY ARTIST'S TOOLS!



AND SO, MURT COLEMAN RETURNED HOME, PACKED AND PREPARED TO FLEE THE TOWN BUT THEN, AS HE STARED AT THE GAUNT, HUMAN-SHAPED TREE, THE WORD OF FATE BEGAN TO PLAY ITS DEVIANT ROLE.

THE VILLAGERS CALL IT EXECUTION TREE / THEY'VE BUILT UP A LEGEND OF SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT IT / I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



YEARS AGO, A MURDERER HUNG IN THE HOLLOWED-OUT TRUNK OF THE TREE WAS STRUCK DEAD BY LIGHTNING, AND SINCE THEN WHEREVER ANYONE TRIED TO CHOP DOWN THE TREE, THEY'VE BEEN ACCIDENTALLY HURT OR KILLED / THE STUPID VILLAGERS BELIEVE THE TREE TO BE CURSED /



I'LL LEAVE THEM SOMETHING TO REALLY FEAR AND SHRIKE FROM / A MONUMENT OF EVIL FOR THEM TO REMEMBER ME BY / THE TREE IS ALREADY ROUGHLY SHAPED IN HUMAN FORM / I WILL MAKE IT MORE SO!



I'VE DONE MUCH WOOD CARVING AS A HOBBY, BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS / IT'S A MASTERPIECE OF HORROR / IT LOOKS ALMOST ALIVE!



THERE / FINISHED JUST BEFORE THAT ELECTRICAL STORM IS ABOUT TO BREAK / THE CURSED TOWNSPEOPLE WILL HAVE THE FRONT OF THEIR LIVES WHEN THEY CRINE FROM THAT MONSTROSITY!



I WAITED TOO LONG! THE STORM HAS STARTED! GOOD GRIEF! LIGHTNING HAS STRUCK MY WORK OF ART-- MY TREE MONSTER! ALL MY TIME AND EFFORT FOR NOTHING!



BUT KURT COLEMAN HAS FINISHED HIS WORK. HIS TREE MONSTER HAS BEEN DONE TOO WELL! AS LIGHTNING CRASHED AROUND THE UNEXPECTED WOODEN IMAGE...

AND MY EYES BEGINNING TO OPEN! THE THING IS COMING TO LIFE! IT--IT'S MOVING, RISING UP!



WAIT! I'LL NOT HURT YOU, KURT COLEMAN, MY CREATOR! FEAR NOT! I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SHAPING ME, FOR YOUR ARTISTIC GENIUS WHICH GAVE ME LIFE!

NO! NO! NO!



I WON'T HARM YOU, KURT! WE ARE KINDED SOULS! WE HAVE BOTH LONG BEEN THE OBJECT OF HATE AND LOATHING AND SUSPICION BY THE FOOLISH PEOPLE OF THIS VILLAGE!

Y-YES, THAT IS TRUE!



COME WITH ME! BE NOT AFRAID! I'LL AVENGE US BOTH FOR THE THINGS THE PEOPLE HAVE THOUGHT AND SAID ABOUT US! I'LL DESTROY THEM ALL!

I--I'M GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THE MONSTER!



HA! HA! LOOK AT IT! MY CREATION CAUSING A HOLOCAUST OF DESTRUCTION!

EEEEEEYYYYIIII! A MOVING, LIVING WOODEN MONSTER! WHERE DID IT COME FROM? IT WILL MURDER US ALL!



KURT THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN THE LAST OF THE CREATION OF HIS EVIL GENIUS BUT FATE DID NOT INTEND IT SO...

THEY'VE SHOT DOWN THE TREE-MONSTER! NOW THAT IT HAS WHEELED ITS VENGEANCE ON THE TOWNSFOLK, I'M GLAD! I WAS AFRAID OF IT, MYSELF!



LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE CHOPPED UP THE TREE-MONSTER AND ARE BURNING THE PIECES / THIS THROUGH-FREIGHT WILL SPEED ME TO ONE OF THE GREAT CITIES UP NORTH /



BUT BY A CURSE OF FATE, UNKNOWN TO KURT COLEMAN, HIS VICTIM, ALICIA, DID NOT DIE FROM HIS STRANGER'S ATTACK. A FEW DAYS AFTER KURT FLED TOWN...

I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME THIS WAY, WHERE I HAVE TO PASS THE COLEMAN HOUSE. I -- OOOOH / THAT-THAT TREE-MONSTER / MY IMAGINATION MUST BE PLAYING TRICKS /

ALICIA /



DON'T RUN, ALICIA / KURT LOVED YOU, SO I CANNOT HARM YOU / AND IF HE HADN'T GOTTEN INTO TROUBLE OVER YOU, HE MIGHT NOT HAVE CARVED ME INTO LIFE /



BUT-BUT THE VILLAGERS BURNED YOU, DESTROYED YOU / NOW - HOW CAN YOU STILL EXIST?

THEY FAILED TO DESTROY THE SOURCE OF MY LIFE / I AM NOT HUMAN, TO BE DESTROYED SO EASILY / LISTEN TO ME /



I KNOW WHERE KURT, MY CREATOR, IS HIDING / HE'S IN THE HOTEL METROPOLIS IN NORTH CITY / I SHALL GO TO HIM AND TELL HIM YOU STILL LIVE / PERHAPS THEN HE WILL RETURN HERE AND YOU WILL FORGIVE HIM AND LEARN TO CARE FOR HIM / THAT WOULD MAKE ME VERY HAPPY /



AS THE TREE-MONSTER TALKED, ALICIA FROSTEN IN FRONT WHEN SHE CAME TO THE CHURCH AND CONC THEN SHE HURRIED TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

BUT I SWEAR TO YOU, IT WAS REALLY THE MONSTER, ALIVE AGAIN / AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT SAID, MARTIN /

KURT COLEMAN MUST PAY FOR TRYING TO KILL YOU / I'VE THOUGHT HE WAS REALLY IN NORTH CITY AT THAT HOTEL...



THE NEXT DAY, IN NORTH CITY, KURT CONTINUED TO FEEL SLIGHTLY SECURE, LITTLE KNOWING THAT THE HAND OF FATE AGAIN HOVERED OVER HIM...

NO CHANCE OF ANYBODY FROM THAT STUPID VILLAGE EVER FINDING ME NOW / BUT WHAT IS THAT SCRATCHING NOISE I HEAR OUTSIDE THE WINDOW?







A LITTLE LATER, AS KURT COLEMAN AROSE AN EXPRESS TRAIN BACK TOWARD THE VILLAGE WHERE THE TREE-MONSTER WAS CREATED, THE COOL, FIERCE IDEA STRUCK HIS MIND.

I'VE GOT IT! NOW I KNOW HOW TO DESTROY THAT MONSTER GANT FOREVER!



THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS SLEEPING! THERE WILL BE NOBODY TO DISTURB ME AT MY WORK! AND WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO HAS GOT TO BE THE ANSWER!



JUST AS I FIGURED— THE ROOTS OF THE OLD TREE STILL LIVE! AS LONG AS THAT IS SO, THE MONSTER WILL COME INTO BEING AGAIN AND AGAIN, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES IT SEEMS TO BE DESTROYED!



THESE LIVE ROOTS WERE THE SOURCE OF THE TREE-MONSTER'S LIFE! BUT WHEN I'VE DESTROYED THEM ALL, THE CREATURE WILL NOT COME INTO EXISTENCE AGAIN!



FINISHED! THE ROOTS ARE DESTROYED AND SO IS MY MAD CREATION! IT WAS DURING AN ELECTRIC STORM THAT HE WAS BROUGHT INTO BEING, AND THE LIGHTNING SLASHED AND SMOKED AGAIN AS HE DIES—FOREVER!



BUT KURT COLEMAN FORGOT THAT THE STEEL BAR HE HELD WAS LIKE A MAGNET TO THE DEADLY ELECTRICAL FLAMES! AND SO IT WAS NOT FATED THAT HE SHOULD ENJOY HIS FREEDOM FROM THE MONSTER HE HAD CREATED!



THE NEXT MORNING, HORROR-STROCK VILLAGERS HARBLY VIEWED THE STRANGE AND UNEXPLAINABLE FINAL FATE OF KURT COLEMAN!

THE EXECUTION TREE—GROWN BACK IN ITS OLD PLACE! HOW CAN THAT BE, MARTIN?

WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER KNOW! BUT IT'S LIVED UP TO ITS NAME, AND CLAIMED ANOTHER CRIMINAL VICTIM WHO TUMBLER WITH IT AND TEMPTED FATE!



# A Hand of FATE *Mystery*

FOR SEVERAL GENERATIONS, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF TRAPPEZ ARTISTS WAS THE RYSDOM FAMILY. THEIR POPULARITY PEAKED WHEREVER THE CIRCUS IN WHICH THEY PERFORMED MADE ITS APPEARANCE. ONE EVENING IN 1931, ANGLO RYSDOM AND HIS SISTER FLORA, LAST OF THEIR FAMILY LINE, WERE DOING THEIR BIZARROUS ACT IN BOSTON, HIGH ABOVE THE ADMIRING CROWD, WITH NO NET BENEATH THEM, MAKING THEIR PERFORMANCE DANGEROUSLY SPINE-CHILLING...

AS USUAL, FLORA LEAPED FROM HER SWINGING BAR, TOWARD HER BROTHER'S OUTSTRETCHED AND WAITING HANDS...



BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG! FLORA MISSED HER TIMING, AND COULD NOT REACH ANGLO'S HANDS!



FLORA WAS RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL, WHERE SHE HOVERED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, HER BODY SHAKEN BY THE FALL. THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, ANGLO PREPARED TO DO A SOLD ACT ON THE HIGH TRAPEZE. BUT, AS HE LOOKED OVER TOWARD THE OPPOSITE PLATFORM...



JUST AS THE NIGHT BEFORE, ANGLO REACHED OUT TO GRASP AN EXTENDING ARM.



REACHING OUT DESPERATELY FOR FLORA'S ARM, HE WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE THEM DISAPPEAR SUDDENLY! HE LEFT HIS LEGS DRIF, AND...



THE CIRCUS MANAGER RUSHED TO ANGLO'S SIDE...

I... I SAW MY SISTER UP THERE! I LEFT MY BALANCE TRYING TO REACH HER... I SAW HER UP THERE...



IMPOSSIBLE, ANGLO! I JUST RECEIVED A CALL FROM THE HOSPITAL... FLORA DIED A FEW MINUTES AGO, JUST AS YOU STARTED YOUR SOLD ACT! SHE NEVER LEFT THE HOSPITAL!

WHO CAN EXPLAIN THIS BIZARRE INCIDENT? DID FLORA'S SPIRIT RETURN TO THE CIRCUS ARENA TO SAVE HER BROTHER AFTER HER, INTO THE VALLEY OF THE DEAD IN THE REVENGE? WHAT DO YOU THINK, READERS?

The End

# the **FINAL** Curtain

THE WORLD BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS IS OFTEN AS UNREAL AS THE PAINTED SCENERY ON STAGE, BUT INTENSELY REAL ARE THE PASSIONS AND ANXIETIES OF THE ACTORS WHO LIVE FOR FAME AND PUBLIC RECOGNITION. BUT FOR HUGO MORRISSEY, IT WAS MORE THAN AMBITION HE POSSESSED A FAME-HUNGER WHICH CORRUPTED EVERY DECENT FIBER OF HIS MIND AND FILLED HIM WITH AN ORSCROFOLDUS LUST FOR STARDOM, EVEN CHALLENGING HIS OWN FATE TO SEE HIS NAME IN GLITTERING LIGHTS.

LISTEN TO THE FOOLS AFFLAI'D  
DURKE? HE PLAYED HAMLET LIKE A  
WEASEL, SMIRKING IDIOT--YET THEY  
CHEER HIM? I, WHO WAS RAISED  
ON SHAKESPEARE, AM GIVEN A  
MINOR ROLE? WHY, IF I PLAYED THE  
PRINCE, I WOULD TEAR THEIR HEARTS  
OUT! HOW I HATE DURKE! IF HE WERE  
ELIMINATED, NOTHING COULD STOP  
ME FROM TAKING HIS PLACE!



AS HUGO TURNED IN DRESSING, HE HEARD...

YOUR THOUGHTS ARE MURDEROUS,  
HUGO MORRISSEY! AND THOUGHTS  
SOMETIMES BECOME DEEDS! I  
WARN YOU...YOU MUST NOT  
INTERFERE WITH THE  
DESTINY OF OTHERS!

WH...WHO  
ARE YOU? HOW  
DO YOU KNOW  
MY NAME AND  
READ MY  
MIND?



I AM THE ETERNAL RECORD  
OF EACH MAN'S TWISTINGS  
AND TURNINGS THROUGH  
LIFE! MEN CALL ME  
FATE!

HA, YOU'RE  
NOT EVEN A GOOD  
ACTOR! GET OUT  
OF MY WAY, YOU  
CHEAP COSTUME  
HORROR, OR I'LL RUN  
YOU THROUGH!



ANNE FLOODED HUGO'S BRAIN AS HE DREW HIS SWORD AND THROST...

THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO BAIT ME! WHAT! IT'S GONE-- MELTED AWAY!

HUGO, YOU ARE A VIOLENT MAN! REMEMBER, VIOLENCE BEGETS VIOLENCE! THE SEEDS OF YOUR DESTINY HAVE ALREADY BEEN SOWN THIS NIGHT!



AS SURELY AS IT HAS APPEARED, LIFE HADDED!

I WOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS A SHAM, A CHEAP TRICK. BUT NOW I DON'T KNOW! BAH, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE! I BELIEVE IN CARDS, BUT MY OWN DESTINY!



BACKSTAGE, AS FRANK AND SHOWERED ON BURKE...

STONEY, YOU WERE NERVOUS! THERE NEVER WAS A HAMLET LIKE YOURS IN NEW YORK!

AND THERE WON'T BE FOR LONG, IF I HAVE MY WAY! LOOK AT THE WAY THEY BASK IN HIS LIMELIGHT, FEELING IMPORTANT BY ASSOCIATION! HOW THEY BUCKLE UP, THE INCOMPETENTS!



BURKE LIVES IN THE SUBURBS AND DRIVES TO THE THEATRE EVERY NIGHT... I MUST MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT AND AVOID SUSPICION!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE BARRE OF BURKE'S HOME...

A FEW MORE TURNS AND BURKE'S TRIP TO THE THEATRE TONIGHT WILL END IN DEATH! HE'S A RUST DRIVER AND ONE SHARP CURVE SHOULD MAKE THIS CAR HE HEARSE!



TONIGHT I SHALL SHED BITTER GROSSOULE TEARS WHEN BURKE'S DEATH IS ANNOUNCED! WHAT AN ACTOR I SHALL BE! AND THEN... HAMLET-- THE PRINCE, THE DIVED ROLE OF EVERY DRAMATIC ACTOR, WILL BE MINE!



POORLY!

YOU, AGAIN? WHY DO YOU PLEASE ME? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

FOOLISH MORTAL! THE ROAD YOU ARE TAKING WILL ONLY HASTEN YOUR OWN END! WHY ARE YOU NOT PATIENT? YOUR GREAT MOMENT WITH RICH REWARDS WILL SURELY COME!



PATIENT, FOR WHAT? SHALL I WAIT UNTIL THE HORNS SHAW ME? NO! THE TIME TO REAP FAME IS NOW, AND NOTHING WILL STOP ME! SAVE YOUR CHEAP PHILOSOPHY FOR LITTLE MEN! NOW GET OUT--LEAVE ME!

THERE IS YET TIME BEFORE THE MOVIE FINGER HAS TRACED THE ROAD YOU MUST WALK! REPENT AND UNDO THIS EVIL!

NEVER! THERE IS NO TURNING BACK, AND I ACCEPT THE CONSEQUENCES!

WE WILL MEET AGAIN, HUNG MORRISSEY!

AT THE THEATRE, TWO DAYS

WE'VE HELD THE CURTAIN DOWN FOR TWENTY MINUTES! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS! BURKE HAS NEVER BEEN LATE FOR A PERFORMANCE!

WE PHONED BURNES HOME AND FOUND HE LEFT AN HOUR AGO! HE SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED, UNLESS...WE MUST GO ON! CHOOSE A SUBSTITUTE FOR HIM!

I CAN PLAY THE PRINCE, MR BARRIS! I KNOW THE LINES PERFECTLY!

NOTHURD--I'M GIVING ROBERT KENWORTH THE OPPORTUNITY! HE HAS BURKE'S PHYSIQUE AND HE'S UNDERSTUDIED HIM! HURRY NOW--THE CURTAIN GOES UP IN THREE MINUTES!

BACK IN MR BARRIS'S ROOM

I'VE BEEN CHEERED! KENWORTH IS A BUNGLER OF FINE LINES, AND THEY CHOSE HIM! BARRIS! I COULD RIP OUT HIS THROAT!

BURNS CLIMBED AS THE HUNGRIED COLOSSUS APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW? ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT YOU'VE SWATCHED SUCCESS FROM MY HANDS TONIGHT?

IT WAS ALL PAVED ON THE PATH YOU HAVE ALREADY TAKEN. I WANT TO SHOW YOU WHAT YOUR CRUEL AMBITION HAS BROUGHT!

LET ME DO! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

BURKE IS DYING AND YOU MUST SEE HIM BEFORE HE DEPARTS FROM THIS WORLD!

IN A SPEEDING AMBULANCE, LEAF  
GAVE THE MANGLED BRICK OF A  
CAR.

TELL... THE  
TROUPE I'M  
SORRY I  
COULDN'T  
MAKE IT!

EVEN IN DEATH, HIS  
THOUGHTS ARE UN-  
SELFISH! HE WAS A  
GREAT ACTOR!

SHEER MELODRAMA!  
AS AN ACTOR, HE  
KNOWS HOW TO  
MAKE A FINAL CUR-  
TAIN SPEECH! HE  
DOESN'T MEAN  
A WORD OF IT!

COME AWAY!  
I WILL NOT  
HAVE YOU  
DISHONOR  
THE DEAD!

WAS LOST CONSCIOUSNESS,  
AND THEN AROSE WITH THE  
SENTATION OF BLOOD.

WH- WHERE AM  
I? THIS ROOM.  
IT'S GURK'S  
OWN DRESSING  
ROOM, AND MY  
HANDS ARE RED...  
AS IF DIPPED IN  
BLOOD!

YOUR HANDS  
AND FOR-  
EVEN DIED  
WITH GUILT!

ALL PLAYERS  
DOWN STAGE/FACT  
TWO SCENE THREE  
COMING UP!

NOTHING BUT DYE... ANOTHER ONE  
OF YOUR STAGE PROPS! I HAVE  
NO TIME NOW TO WASH THEM, BUT  
LATER I WILL REMOVE YOUR  
LITTLE HOAX!

AS THE FINAL CURTAIN CAME DOWN.

YOU WERE TERRIFIC,  
ROBERT! TO TAKE OVER  
A MAJOR ROLE ON SUCH  
SHORT NOTICE IS  
AMAZING! MY  
CONGRATULATIONS!

THANK YOU! I KNOW  
IT DIDN'T COME NEAR  
SYDNEY'S PERFORM-  
ANCE, BUT WHEN I  
HEARD OF HIS DEATH,  
I TRIED WITH ALL MY  
HEART!

I KNOW I HAVE TO WORK ON MY  
PART, BUT I'LL REHEARSE DAY  
AND NIGHT UNTIL IT'S REALLY  
POLISHED! STARTING TOMORROW  
I'LL BE IN THE THEATRE THREE  
HOURS BEFORE CURTAIN  
TIME!

HMM, THEN  
HE'LL BE HERE  
ALONE! THAT  
MAKES MY PLAYS  
ALL THE EASIER.  
IT WON'T BE  
LONG BEFORE  
HAMLET NEEDS A  
NEW PRINCE!

BACK IN GURK'S DRESSING ROOM.

COMPOUND IT! THE DYE WON'T  
WASH OFF! CURSE THAT HOODED  
SPECTRE FOR HIS BODILY FRANK!  
I'LL HAVE TO WEAR GLOVES  
UNTIL I CAN GET A SUITABLE  
CHEMICAL TO REMOVE IT!









HE'S BEEN SHOT UP TO THE STAGE!

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT,  
JUST WHEN HE WAS  
HAVING A NAME FOR  
HIMSELF! WHAT ARE WE  
GOING TO DO NOW?

THE SHOW MUST  
GO ON, FRIENDS,  
AND I AM READY  
TO TAKE THE ROLE  
OF THE PRINCE  
TONIGHT!

YES, YES, HUGO CAN  
PLAY THE PRINCE!  
COME, LET US HURRY!  
CURTAIN TIME IS ONLY  
AN HOUR AWAY!

YOU SHALL SEE  
HAMLET TONIGHT AS  
IT HAS NEVER BEEN  
PLAYED BEFORE!  
THE DEATHS OF MY  
COLLEAGUES HAVE  
MOVED ME WITH GREAT  
TRAGIC FEELING!

HUGO PLAYED WITH IM-  
PASSIONED FIRE, SWEEP-  
ING THE AUDIENCE OFF  
ITS FEET!

THIS IS WHAT I'VE LIVED FOR,  
AND NOW MY DREAM HAS BEEN  
REALIZED! THEY'RE CHEERING  
ME, BUT THEY WILL RISE SHOUT-  
ING FROM THEIR SEATS WHEN I  
DUEL FOR MY LIFE IN THE  
LAST ACT!

IN THE FINAL ACT, THE FOILS  
WERE BLINDED, BUT IN THE  
FRENZY OF THE DUEL...

NO, WILLIAM!  
NOW MY SWORD  
WILL END YOUR  
TREACHEROUS  
LIFE!

HUGO, HAVE YOU  
GONE MAD?  
WE'RE ONLY ACT-  
ING THESE ROLES...  
LOOK OUT! THE  
BLIND OF MY FOIL  
HAS BEEN KNOCKED  
OFF!

HUGO, STAND CLEAR  
OF MY FOIL!

AND SO  
PREPARE FOR  
DEATH...  
EIEEEE!

FAKE OVERHALL THE STAGE!

HUGO'S DYING! RING  
DOWN THE CURTAIN,  
QUICKLY!

THE STONES...THE  
STONES...I CAN'T  
REACH THE TOP  
OF THE HILL!  
GHARR!

YOU'RE TOO LATE, MR.  
BONZELL! HOLLYWOOD  
WILL NEVER GET HUGO!  
HE'S DEAD!

AFTER SEEING HIS SUP-  
PORTING PERFORMANCE  
LAST MONTH, I WANTED TO  
SIGN HIM TO A MAJOR CON-  
TRACT! MY PLANE WAS  
BROKEN IN CHICAGO OVERNIGHT  
AND I JUST ARRIVED... TOO  
LATE! I GUESS THAT'S  
MY FATE FOR YOU!

# A Hand of FATE Mystery

IT WAS IN THE YEAR 1936 THAT THIS STRANGE INCIDENT OCCURRED. ROBERT SISTARE, AN AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON CHINESE HISTORY AND CUSTOMS, WAS TOURING CANA, IN SHANGHAI, ONE DAY, HE CAME UPON A VERY OLD PAGODA THAT SERVED AS A TEMPLE FOR THE WORSHIPPERS OF BUDDHA. NO ONE WAS IN EVIDENCE AS HE ENTERED THE SHrine.

SISTARE CAME UPON A DOOR WITHIN THE PAGODA, ON WHICH WERE INSCRIBED CHINESE CHARACTERS.

THIS SHOULDN'T BE VERY DIFFICULT TO TRANSLATE, LET ME SEE - IT IS FORBIDDEN TO OPEN THIS DOOR - THAT WHICH IS WITHIN MUST NEVER BREATHE THE AIR OF FREE MORTALS!



SISTARE USED A METAL ROD TO FORCE OPEN THE DOOR.

AH, THERE IT IS! NOW TO SEE WHAT "MYSTERY" LIES WITHIN THIS CHAMBER!



WHA...! AN OLD MAN... SITTING ALONE WITHIN THIS DARK ROOM!



AT LAST! SOMEONE HAS DONE THE FORGIDDEN! YOU HAVE BROUGHT WELCOME DEATH TO ME... EVEN NOW THE FRESH AIR ENTERS MY ISOLATED CHAMBER!



OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, I WAS IMPRISONED IN THIS ROOM FOR DEFLING THE POWERS OF BUDDHA! IT WAS SAID I MUST CONTEMPLATE AN EVIL LIFE, UNTIL THE AIR OF FREE MORTALS SHOULD BRING ME FINAL RELEASE... IN DEATH!

AND BEFORE SISTARE'S HORRIFIED GAZE, THE OLD MAN WITHERED AWAY INTO A CADAVEROUS FIGURE, MORE THAN A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD!

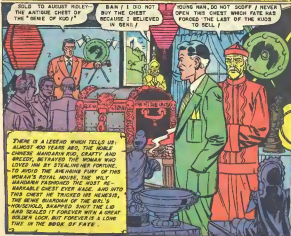
HE'S DEAD! INCREDIBLE! WHO WOULD EVER BELIEVE SUCH A FANTASTIC STORY IF I TOLD THEM!



WHO, INDEED? AND YET, BEFORE SISTARE TOOK AN OATH THAT THIS WEIRD INCIDENT ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO HIM! JUST ANOTHER STRANGE OCCURRENCE NOW RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF THE WORLD'S UNEXPLICABLE MYSTERIES!



# The Man who bought a GENIE



EVEN THEN, PERHAPS, IF RIDLEY HAD NOT TURNED HIS BACK ON THE CHEST FOR AN INSTANT, HE MIGHT HAVE SAID THE SAME IN TIME AND FEARED HIM ENOUGH TO AVERT HIS FATE!

EVEN IF I DON'T BELIEVE IN DEMI, I DO THINK THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING VALUABLE INSIDE THAT CHEST... A SECRET I OUGHT TO CONCEAL FROM MY CLERK!



THIS IT WAS THAT RIDLEY BEGAN TO MOVE IN STRANGE EVENTS, SLOWLY AT FIRST...

I DIDN'T TOUCH THE LID... YET THE CHEST IS OPEN!

YOU HAVE BOUGHT ME AT AUCTION? YOU HAVE BOUGHT THE DEMI OF RIO?



I'M SURE I HEARD A VOICE... BUT NO ONE IS HERE! AND NOTHING AT ALL IS IN THE CHEST!



DOUBTING IN THE DEMI, RIDLEY CHOSE THIS INSTANT TO MAKE A DANGEROUS ENTRY IN HIS DIARY...



ANYTHING TO GET CONTROL INTO MY OWN HANDS, OF COURSE EVEN KILL HER WITHOUT A RESPECT!

AUGUST RIDLEY, LIKE THE MANDARIN KID, REPEATS LOVE WITH BREED!

AUGUST, MAY I COME IN?



IT'S ANABELLE! WHERE SHALL I HIDE THE DIARY?

QUICKLY! INTO THE SECRET COMPARTMENT OF THE CHEST!



THAT'S STRANGE! HOW DID I KNOW THE CHEST HAD A SECRET COMPARTMENT?

YOU DIDN'T, UNTIL I TOLD YOU, AUGUST RIDLEY!



NOT LONG BEFORE THIS MOMENT, RIDLEY AND ANNABELLE DETERMINED AND BECAME ENLARGED. ANNABELLE WAS MADLY IN LOVE WITH RIDLEY, AND RIDLEY WAS, OF COURSE, MADLY IN LOVE WITH ANNA - RIDLEY'S FORTUNE.

DARLING, I'M SO SORRY WE QUARRELLED THE OTHER DAY OVER MY STUPID FORTUNE!



UNFORTUNATELY, IF YOU RETAIN TITLE TO YOUR FORTUNE, I'D ALWAYS FEEL LIKE THE POOR HUSBAND OF THE RICH MRS. RIDLEY. NEVERTHELESS, I'M WILLING TO SWALLOW MY PRIDE, DARLING, WILL YOU MARRY ME? SOON?



TOMORROW WILL BE A LOVELY TIME TO TALK ABOUT OUR FUTURE. BUT DON'T COME UNTIL NINE, BECAUSE UNTIL THEN I'LL BE...



SUREST, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST!



BUY IT WAS NOT A GHOST THAT RIDLEY SAW. IT WAS JEREMY HALL, ONCE A FENCE FOR STOLEN GEMS, ONCE ALSO IN THE GREAT, RIDLEY'S PARTNER IN CRIME.

HE'S FOUND ME! HE'LL KILL ME FOR DOUBLE-CROSSING HIM IN SHANGHAI, IF I DON'T GET TO HIM AND BUY HIM OFF!



YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL HIM!



YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL HIM, I SAY!



HOW WELL THE GENE KNEW THAT RILEY WOULD NOT HAVE ENOUGH CASH TO PAY OFF HALL... UNLESS, OF COURSE, ANNABELLE HELPED!

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAKE IT \$75,000! AFTER ALL, IT WAS THE MONEY YOU STOLE FROM ME THAT GOT YOU STARTED HERE IN THE STATES IN AN HONEST AND PROFITABLE BUSINESS!

I'D HAVE TO HAVE A LITTLE TIME, JEREMY!

HOWEVER, RILEY WAS TO NEED LESS TIME THAN HE THOUGHT. THE GENE'S INTERESTING GENIUS WAS CONSIDERING AND ONCE BACK AT THE CUBO SHOP...

MISS DEXTER HAD ME SEND THE GENE'S CHEST TO HER PLACE AS YOUR WEDDING PRESENT TO HER! CONGRATULATIONS, SIR-- SHE'LL MAKE A FINE WIFE!

WHAT?

WOULD HEAT THE HEART OF THE GENE'S FURY!

YOU FOOL! GET THE CHEST BACK! SHE MUST NOT HAVE THAT CHEST!

BUT--UH--THE TRUCK HAD ALREADY DELIVERED IT, SIR!

AND STILL LUCKY RILEY THOUGHT THAT HE WAS MASTER OF HIS OWN FATE!

BUT, ANNABELLE, YOU SHOULD HAVE ASKED ME FIRST! I MIGHT HAVE THE CHEST BACK IMMEDIATELY... IT'S PROMISED TO A CUSTOMER!

TELL HER YOU'LL SEND HER ANOTHER ONE!

I'LL BRING YOU ANOTHER CHEST RIGHT AWAY AND PICK UP THE OTHER ONE!

BUT, DARLING, YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY COME HERE UNTIL THIS EVENING! MY WONDERFUL SURPRISE MUST WAIT!

SEND HER ANOTHER CHEST!

SUCH A LOT OF FUSS OVER A SILLY OLD CHEST AT A TIME LIKE THIS! CLEVER! YOU'LL HAVE TO SEND HER ANOTHER CHEST! SOMETHING INTERESTING, TRICKY TO DIVERT HER ATTENTION!

YOU! WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY? WHY ARE YOU MEDDLING IN MY AFFAIRS?

YOU BOUGHT ME! I AM YOUR FURNISHING. SEND FROM THE CHEST OF THE MANDARIN KUDU!



I TELL YOU I DON'T BELIEVE IN GEMS!

WHO OPENED THE LID OF THE CHEST, THEN? HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE SECRET COMPARTMENT INSIDE, UNLESS I TOLD YOU?



WHATEVER YOU ARE, I WON'T HAVE YOU TELLING ME WHAT TO DO!

I'VE JUST BEGUN TELLING YOU WHAT TO DO, AUGUST RIDLEY!



THE ONLY VOICE I OBEY IS MY OWN! I'M FREE! MY DESTINY DEPENDS ON ME, ALONE!

UNTIL WE'RE DECIDED THAT YOU MEET A GEM!



BEING ANNAELLE ANOTHER CHEST, AUGUST RIDLEY!

I WON'T / NEVER / DO YOU HEAR?



VIOLENCE HAD CRASHED BY THE SUDDEN REALIZATION THAT HE HAD NOT BOUGHT THE GEMS OF KOD. RIDLEY BLAMED AT HIS MEMBERS, UNTIL HE DROPPED FROM EXHAUSTION. AND THEN...

I WAS YOUR PURCHASER, SIR! IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO?

S-BEND HIGH DEXTER THE TEAK AND GOLD CHEST OUT IN THE SHOP!



SWIFTLY NOW, THE FURIOUS SCHEME OF THE GEMS MOVED FORWARD WITH UNEXHAUSTIBLE FORCE OUTSIDE THE GEM SHOP.

ONCE MORE HE'S TRYING TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME! BUT NO ONE FOOLS JEREMY HALL A SECOND TIME!



YES, JEREMY HALL CONSIDERED THAT RIDLEY WAS MOVING ALL HIS PORTABLE ASSETS TO A HIDEAWAY!

I'LL TAIL THE TRUCK! AND TOMORROW I CRACK THE STRONG BOX WITH A LITTLE NITRO AND GET EVERYTHING!





IMMEDIATELY, RIDLEY WAS NOT BURNED IN THE EXPLOSION THAT KILLED HALL! AND BEFORE THE DUST FROM THE EXPLOSION HAD SETTLED, RIDLEY HAD DISCOVERED WHY IT WAS AMABELLE WOULD NOT SEE HIM UNTIL LATE THAT EVENING!

HER LAWYER HAD BEEN HERE! AS HER WEDDING PRESENT TO ME, SHE'S HAD EVERY COPY SHE OWNS TRANSFERRED TO MY NAME! THE DOCUMENT IS SIGNED---I'M RICH!



ONE THING ALONE! AND UPON THAT DEPENDED THE OFFER - SINCE BETWEEN TRIUMPH AND DISASTER FOR RIDLEY!

THE DIARY... I WROTE IN THE DIARY THAT I'D KILL HER FOR HER MONEY!



I'LL DESTROY THE DIARY! NO ONE WILL SEE WHAT I WROTE!



YOU AREN'T DESTROYING ANYTHING, MISTER-- NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED HERE!

ONE MINUTE, HE'D TO MORE THAN ONE AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS! AND THE NEXT MINUTE, RIDLEY FOUND THAT HIS MONEY HAD CHANGED TO AN UNFORGETTABLE HAWAIIAN MOOSE!

I DID NOT KILL HER! IT WAS A TRICK OF THE SERIE! THE SERIE OF RUO!



TELL THEM, SERIE! TELL THEM IT WAS ALL YOUR TRICK! TELL THEM I AM INNOCENT!



IT IS FATE THAT ONLY A VERY FEW PEOPLE ALIVE CAN KNOW AND BELIEVE IN SERIE! AUGUST RIDLEY! FAREWELL!

AND WITH THIS, THE SERIE WAS SEEN NO MORE! AND AUGUST RIDLEY, THE MAN WHO SCOFFED AT ANTIQUE SPIRITS, WAS FINALLY FREED FROM THE JERKING FURY WHO DIRECTED HIS LIFE INMOMENTABLE STEP BY STEP FROM THE TIME RIDLEY OPENED THE CHEST UNTIL THE VERY LAST AND BRILL INSTANT ON THE SCAFFOLD WHEN THE HAWAIIAN'S MOOSE JERKED TIGHT AROUND HIS THROAT!



DO YOU SEE THIS, SERIE? HALL IS DEAD -- ANNA- BELLE DEAD! WHERE IS YOUR PUNISHMENT NOW? WHERE IS YOUR POWER? HA- HA- HA!

HAVEN'T YOU FOR- GOTTEN SOMETHING? JUST ONE THING THAT MIGHT CHANGE EVERY- THING?



# HEIRESS OF THE RUE DE SANGRE

That night while all of Paris was celebrating the French version of our own Fourth of July, a man balanced precariously on a bit of roof that led to a lighted, open window on the top floor of Number 27 Rue de Sangre. Half way to the window opening, the man decided that he could not make it. "Marlene," he called. "Marlene, help me! I shall fall . . . The man's voice rose in terror. He tried to turn around. Just as a pretty young woman appeared at the window, he fell.

"Andre," the young woman cried. But Andre had hit the ground five stories below by the time his name was spoken.

More than a month before this night, Marlene Nemour had left her home in the most fashionable part of Paris and had taken an artist's attic studio. "I shall paint," she announced. "I refuse to spend my life uselessly like the rest of the Nemours. To which her uncle and guardian had replied that the Rue de Sangre was no place for a Frenchwoman of nobility. It was a workman's street. "Also," Marlene sharply reminded her uncle, it is a street made famous by the blood of beheaded French noblemen who never learned the meaning of work until after the Revolution." Andre, Marlene's brother was loud in his protests. She was betraying the family honor and he would never see until he had plucked her out of her shameful garret and brought her home again. But for more than a month, Marlene had held out against both brother and uncle. To them, her door was always locked and her ear deaf. And so it had happened that Andre had had the drunken inspiration to come to his sister by way of the rooftop, to plead once again for her return home.

Thus, as a result of foolish Andre's stunt, for the first time in over 150 years, the blood of a French noble was this instant flowing down the gutter of the Rue de Sangre and into the sewer opening where it had spilled in torrents during the Revolutionary Reign of Terror. If it had not been for an evening over the sidewalk below, Andre would most certainly have been killed instead of lying now out and unconscious. And yet, as events soon turned out, it might have been far better if Andre had bled less and died more quickly.

The next day, after paying her brother a visit in the hospital, Marlene saw a strange and fascinating sight in the street before her house—the figure of a huge man with a wooden leg and a hook in place of a hand which had been cut off. The man's clothes were ragged and dirty, exactly as if he had gone to bed 150 years ago without taking them off. When he raised his hat, the most astonishing thing of all was his face, a exactly duplicated picture of M. de Sangre, the gory executioner who had given the street its name.

"Hello," hailed Marlene as the great bulk of a

man reared off down the street. But the man did not seem to hear. "Wait! Please, monsieur, I want to speak to you. For money." But even this last did not stop the man. He lowered himself into a sewer opening from which the grate had been removed and disappeared from sight.

"I must get him to pose for me," said Marlene to herself. He has the most wonderful face I've seen in all Paris. Cruel and stiff . . . yet, that's it! Cruel and stiff like a devil revived from the dead." With this, Marlene, too, entered the sewer opening, clambered down an iron ladder and descended into damp darkness to the bottom.

Seeing a light in the distance, Marlene started toward it. At a turn in the sewer not more than a hundred yards distant, she stopped abruptly. "I heard you, mademoiselle. But I do not wish to pose for an artist." The man she was looking for stood not more than an arm's length away. "I do not wish to be bothered. I am looking for some people I have never seen and the time I have is all too short."

"But I can help," cried Marlene impulsively. "If you will only pose for one drawing, I shall help you find these people. I am Mademoiselle Nemour and I have friends who can help . . ." Marlene did not finish what she was going to say, she saw the strange expression that came over the man before her.

"Your name is Nemour?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Are there many Nemours living now in Paris, Mademoiselle who no longer are afraid of the guillotine and the anger of the citizens of Paris?"

"Three," Marlene's mouth was dry. Her voice was a whisper. She backed slowly, away from the man with the wooden leg and the right arm that ended in a sharp steel hook. The man with the steel hook drew back slowly . . . "My brother, my uncle, and I . . . we are the only ones."

"M. de Sangre is pleased to meet you after all these years!" The hook drew back, swiftly and lashed forward. The blow missed her neck by the smallest fraction of an inch! M. de Sangre's wooden leg slipped on the wet stones and he fell to his knees. Marlene screamed. And then she fled.

In the darkness, she lost her way. A solid wall blocked her light. And not far away she heard the rapid and uneven thudding of the man who was following her. "Mademoiselle Nemour!" M. de Sangre's voice boomed like a cannon in the vaulted sewer channel. And then suddenly a hand grabbed hold of her and she was being dragged toward daylight and the opening of the sewer through which she had come.

For a time neither the young man who had led her to safety nor Marlene spoke. In her studio he made each of them a cap of chocolate and waited quietly.

"My name's Carver," he said. "Norman Carver, writer. I was down there looking for background material for an historical novel about this part of Iowa. Rather lucky my interests range all the way down to towns."

"I don't expect anyone to believe me, of course, but the man who was after me is actually a dead man come to life after age years!" Marlene could not so soundly hysterical.

"Paris is an old city. Many strange things have happened here." The young writer had a kind voice. He was not smiling.

Marlene told him the story then, a grim story of another time in French history: "He is de Sangre, I've said! Somehow the man who gave this street its name has returned to life and vengeance. You see, it was an ancestor of mine, Denis Nemour, who was the cause of de Sangre being befriended. Denis was hated by the people almost as much as the king himself and de Sangre had saved him as a kind of landmark in his execution. But Denis cheated the crowd and escaped right under their very noses. The public was furious. Almost with one voice they demanded the head of de Sangre in the place of Denis! And so it was that the executioner himself became a victim. But before the guillotine fell, de Sangre swore that the blade that removed his head would never completely end his life—the only fire and burning could tell the master of the guillotine. Some day the blood of a French nobleman would restore his head to his shoulders and life to his body and he would return to exterminate every single Nemour from the face of Paris." Breathlessly Marlene finished her story. And he has returned because last night my own brother fell into the street from the roof. His blood flowed into the sewer opening where the head and body of de Sangre were dumped so long ago!"

"It is hard to believe, perhaps," said the writer, "but not impossible."

Indeed it was hard to believe, but only one day later every paper in Paris headlined this one undeniable fact: **TWO NEMOURS MURDERED BY MYSTERY KILLER.** To Marlene, locked in her own studio where she trembled with fear at every sound, there was no mystery at all about the killer—except when he would strike next. Both her brother and her uncle had died in the same fashion, their throats slashed as if by a sharp hook. The police scoffed at the idea of de Sangre returning from the dead, but Marlene remembered the dull gleam of the metal hook as it had slashed toward her own throat.

Three days passed in torment for Marlene and three sleepless nights filled with shadows. She always kept her gun in her hand, but after three nights without sleep she could no longer hold even the gun. The young writer, who alone believed in the message of de Sangre, came to see her often, but she always sent him away saying that she could protect herself as long as she could hold the gun. But

at last, she felt that she had to sleep. And when she would close her eyes, de Sangre would come to finish his vengeance against the Nemours.

"I shall not stay here to be killed in my sleep," she decided at last. "It is better that I go now in search of de Sangre and try to kill him!" She gapped her old-fashioned pistol tightly and left her studio.

The iron ladder that led into the dampness and gloom of the sewer was cold. Marlene shivered. Carefully, she inched her way along the stone wall in the direction where she had first come upon de Sangre. She wondered if the executioner was waiting, if he was behind her or ahead of her with his horrible hooked hand ready to strike. She seemed to have felt her way for miles when all at once de Sangre's voice spoke.

"Good evening, mademoiselle!" I have been expecting you for some time!" De Sangre need not to look from her, holding high his gasoline lantern which turned blackness into blinding light.

Marlene pointed her gun and shot. She shot three times, but with each report de Sangre's smile only broadened. "Bullets?" he inquired blandly. "You forget I am the executioner de Sangre."

Once again Marlene pointed her gun and fired. But when she saw her last shot pass into the center of de Sangre's vest without effect, she knew that de Sangre spoke the truth. The gas fell from her nerveless fingers and all the strength left her legs. And then suddenly an arm was holding her up and a hand was picking up her gun. The gun went off once more close to her side and in an instant the light of the gasoline lantern became invisible. It spilled brilliantly onto the walls and into the water of the sewer. It spilled onto de Sangre and for one second Marlene saw his face framed in intense light. It was the face of a man in mortal pain, a man who was burning to death. The legend was true: fire was devouring forever the bloody executioner of the Rue de Sangre! Darkness closed in on Marlene. She fainted.

"When I saw the door of your studio open, and you and the gas gone, I knew you had started for de Sangre," Carver told Marlene in the hospital later in the day.

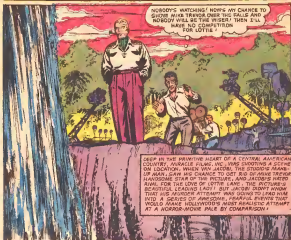
"What happened to him?" Marlene took the writer's hand and pressed it in a frightened way to her cheek.

"There are only signs of fire and an explosion. Not a trace of de Sangre. The police will only believe that nothing has happened that isn't a writer's wild fantasy." Carver laughed. And then he became serious. "And in the future that's all it will be. Still, even the strongest experience ought to have a reasonable ending. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Carver, who will live happily and quietly with pen and paint brush for ever afterward!"

"That is a most believable ending," Marlene said. "Believable enough for practically anyone!"

THE END

# THE BREW OF FRIGHTFUL FACES



BT SOME MIRACLE, I WASN'T  
SMASHED TO DEATH ON THE ROCKS!  
IF I CAN REACH THOSE ROCKS,  
BEYOND THE FALL OF THE WATER,  
MAYBE I'LL LIVE THROUGH  
THIS ORdeal!



SOME SORT OF CAVE HERE,  
BENEATH THE WATERFALL!  
PERHAPS IT WILL LEAD ME  
OUT INTO THE OPEN!



THE CAVE LED INTO AN UPWARD-  
CLIMBING TUNNEL. IF ONLY IT  
ISN'T DEAD END, I'LL  
BE ALL RIGHT!



I'VE COME OUT IN SOME SORT OF CLOSED-IN  
CANYON! WHA...? AND THERE'S SOME SORT  
OF NATIVE CEREMONY GOING ON HERE!  
WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO?



AS JACOBY WATCHED, HE SAW...

I, WAKU, HIGH PRIEST OF THE LOST TRIBE OF  
THE ATTED, SPRINKLE SEALS DUST INTO THE  
BREATH OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT AND PROCLAIM  
IT READY FOR THE GUILTY! BRING HIM ON!



STOP STRUGGLING, AND! YOU  
HAVE SINNED AGAINST THE  
LAWS OF THE TRIBE! NOW  
YOU MUST SUFFER THE PENAL  
RITES! BRING HIM CLOSER!

AAIYEE!  
NO! NOT THE  
LIQUID MASH  
OF SATAN!



NOW! YOU WILL FOREVER APPEAR SUCH A  
THING OF HORROR AND EVIL, THAT YOU WILL  
NEVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO COMMIT CRIMES  
AGAINST YOUR FELLOW MAN!

NO! NO!  
ARRRRRRR!



AS MAN JACOB WATCHED THE NATIVE PUNISHMENT RITE IN UNBELIEVABLE TERROR AND FASCINATION, HE SAW THAT, AN END, THE GURGLE, CLAWED AT THE ROCKS, STEAMING ALOUD AROUND HIS FEATURES... A STRANGE THING HAPPENED...

MY FACE IS CHANGING! I CANNOT KEEP FROM CLAWING AT THE BURNING, STICKY LIQUID -- YET I KNOW THAT I AM CHANGING MY OWN FEATURES INTO GRUESOME SHAPES! BEHEEEN!



HOW FIDELITY! THAT NATIVE CONCOCTION MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO THE BONE STRUCTURE OF HIS FACE, MADE IT PLIABLE, LIKE PUTTY. SO THAT IT TWISTED AND BULGED INTO WHATEVER SHAPE HIS OWN CLAWING FINGERS FORMED IT!



SUDDENLY...

AN OUTSIDER FROM THE MODERN WORLD, SITTING ON US! COME! WE TAKE YOU TO MAKE THE HIGH PRIEST!

WAIT A MINUTE! I'M NOT DOING! I AM HAVING! DON'T--DON'T HUNT ME!



WE FOUND THIS CREATURE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD SITTING ON OUR PENAL RIGHTS, O POWERFUL AND ALMIGHTY MARU!

AM! THEN HE SAW HOW THE BURN OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT WORKS!



BUT WHAT YOU DO NOT KNOW, MAN FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD, IS THAT A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE CLUNT RAN OFF SCREAMING, THE BONE STRUCTURE OF HIS FACE ONCE MORE SOLIDIFIED, AND THAT HIS FACE WILL REMAIN FROZEN IN THE FRIGHTENING, HORRIBLE SHAPE INTO WHICH IT WAS TWISTED!



NOBODY FROM THE OUTSIDE HAS EVER WITNESSED OUR SECRET CEREMONIES! LOOK HER UP IN THE DUNGEON UNTIL I CAN DECIDE ON SOME FITTING PUNISHMENT!

LET ME GO! I'LL NEVER COME BACK AGAIN! I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!



I AM SORRY, SORRY AS TRIBAL JAILER! YOU ARE SO STRANGE LOOKING! WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

THIS GIRL, STRANGE FRIENDLY! WHY? I CAN TRICK HER AND LETTING ME ESCAPE FROM THIS MAGE!



SHE IS YOUNG AND PRETTY, AND NO DOUBT WITH MAYBE/SHINY THING THAT THIS PCKET MAKE-UP KIT I ALWAYS CARRY WILL INTRIGUE HER!



AFTER JACOB'S HAD SKILFULLY APPLIED THEATRICAL MAKE-UP...

IT IS TRULY MAGIC! IT HAS TRANSFORMED ME INTO A DIFFERENT, MORE BEAUTIFUL GIRL!



YOU CAN HAVE THE BOX OF MAKE-UP, IF YOU WILL GET ME A SAMPLE OF THAT BREAD OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT AND THEN HELP ME TO ESCAPE THIS PLACE!

IT SHOWS YOUR IMAGE AS YOU LOOK NOW! LET ME APPLY SOME MAGIC BEAUTY TREATMENT AND YOU WILL BECOME THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN YOUR TRIBE!



HEM COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION OF THE MAKE-UP KIT, AND...

I'LL SHOW YOU A SECRET EXIT FROM THIS HIDDEN CANYON! BUT WE MUST HURRY TO AVOID DETECTION!



AND THERE SHOULD BE ENOUGH OF THIS HORRIBLE BREAD FOR ANY PURPOSES!

YOU ARE FREE NOW! BUT YOU MUST NOT TELL ANYBODY THE THINGS YOU'VE SEEN, NOR EVER COME BACK AGAIN!



DON'T WORRY! I WON'T!

HEY! WHAT KIND OF MAGIC IS THIS? THE GIRL HAS VANISHED! AND SO HAS THE EXIT WE USED!



LATER, BACK AT THE MOTION PICTURE COMPANY'S LOCATION CAMP

BUT, I TELL YOU I WAS IN SUCH A CANYON! THERE WAS SUCH A TREE! I SAW THEM, TALKED TO THEM!



BUT YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY, JACOB! THE ONLY TRIBE IN THIS SECTION HAS BEEN EXTINCT FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS!





LATER, AFTER TREVOR HAD COLLAPSED AND BEEN PUT IN THE INFIRMARY TENT.

NOW, LOTTE, YOU CAN NO LONGER LOVE TREVOR! PERHAPS I CAN TAKE HIS PLACE! I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU!

THAT'S A JOKE, JACOB! I COULD NO MORE CARE FOR A LITTLE PITISLEUK LIKE YOU THAN I COULD FOR A FIELD MOUSE!



EVERYBODY THINKS THAT YOU'RE IN SOME WAY RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR NINE! GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU LITTLE SUT! LET ME OUT OF HERE!

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK OF ME? ALL MY PAINS, MY TROUBLE... FOR NOTHING!



IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEN YOU, TOO, WILL GET THE SAME TREATMENT AS TREVOR! THIS SYNTHIC BREW WILL MAKE YOUR FACE A THING OF HORROR!

NO! NO! LET ME GO!



YOU'VE GONE MAD!

WATCH OUT! THE TABLES TIPPED OVER! THE FACE-CHANGING BREW IS BEING SPILLED! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!



A FEW ANGSTERS LATER...

FROM WHAT LOTTE TOLD ME, JACOB HAS BECOME A DANGEROUS MADMAN! WE'D BETTER--LOOK!

THERE HE IS! JACOB! COME BACK HERE!

THEY'LL PUT ME IN IRONS! I'D BETTER RUN FOR IT!



THE SMALL SUPPLY OF THE BREW IS GONE! BUT I'LL GET MORE! I'LL GET EVEN WITH EVERYBODY IN THE CAMP FOR DOING THIS TO ME! I'LL GIVE THEM ALL THE LIQUID MASK OF DEATH!



I'LL GET BACK TO THE CANYON AND STEAL A BIG SUPPLY OF THE BREW WHILE THE ACTED SLEEP!





THEY ARE ALL SLEEPING LIKE THE DEAD? IT WILL ONLY TAKE ME A FEW MOMENTS TO KILL A COUPLE OF THESE LADS AND BE GONE!



BUT A MOMENT LATER, JACOB WAS CAUGHT BY SURPRISE, AND

THE OUTSIDER SEEMS FOND OF THE BEAM OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT! LET HIM BASK IN IT!

NO! NO! BEYOND!

AND SO ARE DEPOSED THAT JACOB SUFFERING SAME HORRIBLE TREATMENT THAT HE HAD ADMINISTERED TO TREVOR!



LET ME GO! YOU ARE THREATENING MY ARMS AND LEGS. MY WHOLE BODY INTO FIERCE DISCOMFORT!



LET HIM DEPART! HE HAS SUFFERED RETRIBUTION ENOUGH!

FEN SEVERAL DAYS, JACOB AND IN THE JACOB. THEN, MONDAY, SIX WITH FEVER, HE RETURNED TO THE CAMP WHERE THE WORKING REACTION OF THE OTHERS DROVE HIM INTO A BERSERK, MURDEROUS RAGE



EVERYBODY SCREAMS AND RUNS FROM ME! I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

IT'S BECOME A MARCHED BEAST! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

HE-- HE'S DEAD! BUT DEATH HAS BEEN KIND TO HIM-- CHANGED HIM ONCE AGAIN FROM A CREATURE OF HORROR TO A HUMAN BEING!



LATER, IN THE INFIRMARY TENT

WITH JACOB'S DEATH, YOU BECAME YOUR HANDSOME, NORMAL SELF ONCE MORE, MIKE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT I'M THANKFUL!



EVIL WAS BOOTS DEEP IN JACOB! BUT NOW THAT HE'S DEAD, WE'LL HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE!



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